God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo.M. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thanke you all,
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord Haſtings go with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the greatneſſe of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then take him from thence tha
You breake no priuiledge nor
Oft haue I heard of Sactuarie
But Sanctuarie children neuer
Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouer
Come on Lord Haſtings, will y
Haſt. I goe my Lord.
Pri. Good Lords make all th
Say Vncle *Gloceſter*, if our broth
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till ou
Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vn
If I may counſell you, ſome da
Your highneſſe ſhall repoſe yo
Then where you pleaſe and ſha
For your beſt health and recre
Pri. I doe not like the Tower
Did *Iulius Cæſer* build that pla
Buck. He did, my gratious L
Which ſince ſucceeding ages ha
Prin. Is it vpon record, or elſ
Succeſſiuely from age to age he
Buck. Vpon record my graci
Prin. But ſay my Lord it were
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liu
As twere retaild to all poſteritie
Euen to the generall ending da
Glo. So wiſe, ſo yong, they ſay
Prin. What ſay you Vncle?
Glo. I ſay, without Caracters
That like the formall vice, iniq
I moralize two meanings in on
Prin. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a
With what his valour did inric
His wit ſet downe to make his v
Death makes no conqueſt of h
For now he liues in fame, thou
Ile tell you what my Couſen
Buck. What my gracious Lo
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be

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